

# EXPOSITION'S PASTEL CITY A DREAM OF SOFT COLOR

## Never Before Has the World Seen Such Effects--Fair an Artist's Paradise.

By ALICE MACGOWAN.

**T**HAT exquisite and ephemeral pastel-tinted city beside the Golden Gate, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, will throw open its gates to the world on February 20.

This is the first time in the history of such enterprises that a world's fair has been ready for its visitors upon the date originally planned for opening. San Francisco wears that fact as a feather in her cap, a jaunty plume that she is fairly entitled to sport. The exposition celebrates the completion of the Panama Canal, modern man's greatest wonderwork; and it is in itself a wonderwork scarcely less amazing and important to the world than the event it celebrates.

It represents an investment of \$50,000,000, a thing immense and amazingly complete and finished in detail. San Francisco alone gave \$12,000,000, California contributed \$5,000,000, the counties another \$3,000,000. The foreign exhibits will total up to \$10,000,000, the state buildings and exhibits to about the same amount. There is a \$10,000,000 investment in the amusement zone. There are 80,000 individual exhibitors.

At no previous world's fair have foreign nations taken so large and enthusiastic a part. Forty-two foreign governments are participating, one at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000. Never before in the history of such undertakings has so vast a scheme been so consummately carried out. Yet the sheer beauty, the high degree of art, is the first thing which strikes the visitor. The enterprise—once the building of the fair was secured to San Francisco, once the money was raised—was approached in exactly the spirit in which an artist comes to his picture.

**NEVER WAS EXPOSITION SO BEAUTIFUL AS THIS!**

It was to be, from the beginning, a work of art, its forms and colors, its lines and its dimensions ruled by a central directing genius. The desired unity was secured by holding mural paintings, decorators, sculptors, electricians, glaziers, banner makers, architects and landscape gardeners, in the production of their acts, to the simple, beautiful pastel scheme all down in the beginning by Jules Guerin, the color for the exposition.

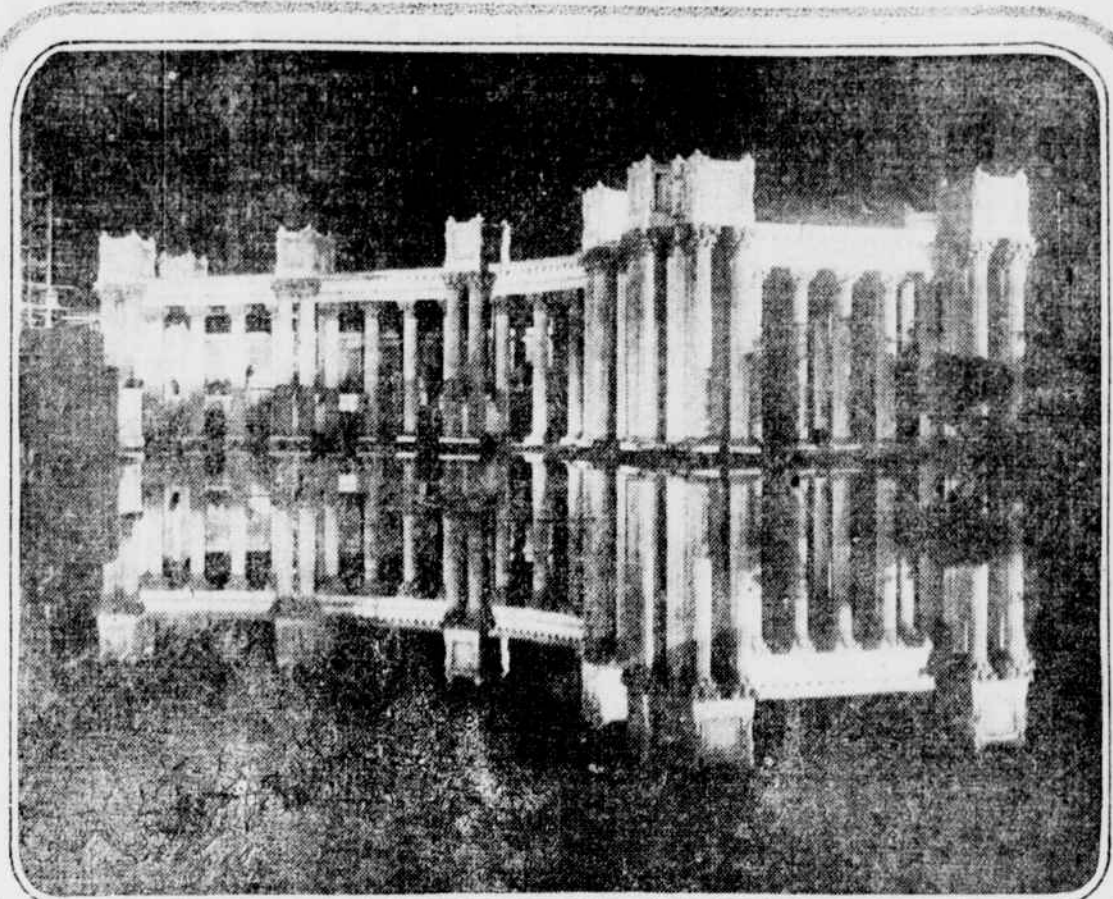
I was decided after some experimentation to build all the structures and walls proper of imitation of Travertine stone, which is a soft, pinkish-gray-buff, most like old ivory. This is a welcome relief from the glaring white city idea. The Travertine, then, with

cesses, in deep shadows, and with beautiful effect in the background of ornamentation in which Travertine rosettes are set in cerulean panels.

There are but nine colors in all upon Mr. Guerin's carefully restricted palette. They are airy, joyous, tranquil and, above all, harmonious, with themselves and with the matchless landscape amid which they are set—the blue of the Golden Gate laving their feet, the city with its indomitable heights behind, the sweet



BEAUTY'S OWN IMAGE: THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS BY NIGHT



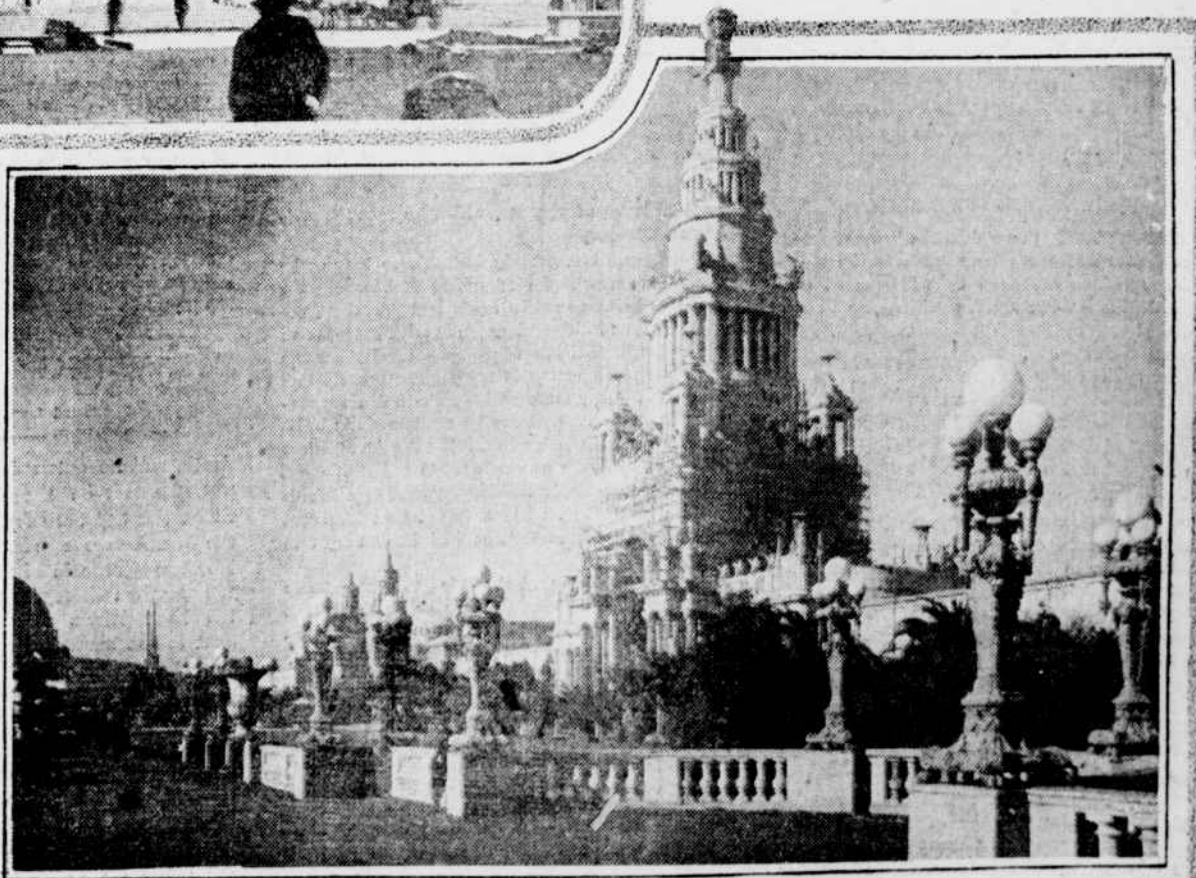
125,000 COLORED CRYSTALS ABLAZE ON THE TOWER OF JEWELS AT NIGHT



THE COLUMN OF PROGRESS TYPIFIES MAN'S FURTHERMOST ADVENTURING



A DAYTIME VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF JEWELS TO THE MARIN HILLS



Francisco, architects: Leo Lentelli, Chester Beach, Robert Aitkin, Douglas Tilden and a score more of sculptors of first-class ability: the English Brangwyn and our own Robert Reed, Edward Simons, H. Milton Bancroft, Childe Hassam, Charles Holloway, Frank Vincent Du Mond and William De Leftwich Dodge, mural painters. John McLaren, long superintendent of Golden Gate Park, is director of the landscape gardening. These, working in accord, have made of the great stretch of ground on the south shore of the Golden Gate, two and one-half miles long by a mile wide, one great harmonious wonderland.

Coming in at the main, or Scott st., entrance, leaving to the right Festival Hall, a majestic domed building, with its mammoth pipe organ and spacious auditorium, and which will be the centre of the musical and theatrical activities of the exposition, the visitor confronts the central portion of the great group of eight exhibit palaces and five courts, all bound together by lofty arches, wide colonnades and peristyles. This group is about half a mile square. The eye is first commanded by the four-hundred-foot Tower of Jewels, designed by Carrere & Hastings, of New York; its whole upper portion hung with 125,000 colored crystals, which, in the night illuminations, blaze with all the splendor of Aladdin's palace.

Through its vast arch the visitor passes in to the Court of the Universe, which is of Corinthian architecture, designed by McKim, Mead & White, of New York. The Column of the Rising Sun, a beautiful figure with outspread wings and outstretched arms, on a tall pedestal, is the presiding genius of the fair. Across from it is the Column of the Setting Sun, with its slender, drooping young female figure. Circling about the court, above its high colonnade, are the Star Maidens. In this court of the East and West are the two great triumphal arches, with their heroic statuary, that facing in from the Court of the Four Seasons, with a gigantic prairie schooner for its central piece, flanked by plain riders in rough dress—California's pioneers as they crossed the North American deserts and prairies to this coast—typifying the westward urge of the race. This is confronted on the further side by a second triumphal arch of similar proportions, splen-

didly Oriental. The Old East is here. A ponderous elephant with massive housings and surmounted by a howdah is the central figure, its flankers being camels ridden by bearded sages; with wild Oriental horsemen further out. The western surge has carried the race to the shores of the sundown sea—has brought it to that point where it meets the backwash. Standing in the Court of the Universe, looking out eastward along the great central axis, through the Florentine Gardens and the Court of Abundance, the vista is stopped by the beautiful classic portico of the Palace of Machinery, the biggest wooden structure under one roof in the world, a quarter of a mile long, covering nine acres. The interior is all of timbers, bolted like steel girders in truss and bridge work, stained a beautiful, retiring gray-cream brown by means of sprayed-on distemper. It was here that Lincoln Beachey made the first indoor aeroplane flight ever attempted. If the Tower of Jewels is the sensational

the mosque of the Sultan Ahmed I, at Constantinople. Here, under this mighty dome, will be assembled a tremendous exhibition of horticulture and its allied subjects. At night the dome itself will float like a mighty bubble in the purview of the exposition grounds. Directly below it are located twelve gigantic reflectors, each of many millions of candle power, which pour this enormous flood of light up through the thick, translucent glass. Loosely speaking, there are three main groupings in the building plan of the exposition. The Exhibit Palaces, with their united courts and gardens, form the central group; the Pavilions of the Nations and the Buildings of the States comprise a second, lying to the west of the central one; the amusement zone, which stretches eastward, is the third. Far out to the west, along the margin of the Golden Gate, beyond the line of state buildings, is first the ground for the livestock exhibits; then the great racetrack, aviation and athletic field.

Back of these, toward the city, and between them and the foreign pavilions, is the United States drill grounds and hospital.

The main thoroughfares of the exposition are beautiful and characteristic. The first one, which the visitor crosses at right angles, coming in at the Scott st. entrance and passing in beneath the Tower of Jewels, is the Avenue of Palms, which lies along the main group of exhibit palaces. The most beautiful of all the avenues is the Marina, which sweeps along the very margin of the Golden Gate. This beautiful marine promenade forms a link between the glowing interest and enthusiasm, the thronging humanity, of the exposition itself, and the ancient sea, the tranquil slopes of the Marin hills beyond, the gulls wheeling above or basking in great, strung-out lines on the sand almost at one's feet. Here, in the intervals of the myriad swishing footsteps, in the lapses of the surf, there falls softly on the ear the soft, plaintive, itinerant stroke of the bell buoy, as unchanged, as unconscious of all the exertion, the excitement, the achievement within the pastel city by the sea as the round-eyed gulls themselves.

**WHERE THE BIG CROWD OF AMUSEMENT SEEKERS WILL PLAY.**

The Amusement Zone, about a mile in length, is the best thing of the sort yet seen. The concessions here were chosen jealously, sifted out from 6,000 applications. Every show, every amusement applying, had to pass a rigid test as to educational and aesthetic value as well as in the matter of taste and freshness. The trite, the coarse, the tawdry, along with everything ever shown before at an exposition, were summarily rejected. In no amusement quarter of a previous exposition have there been gathered together so much of humor, grotesquerie, sheer fanciful invention and drollery as here.

San Francisco's favored climate made it possible for her to bring together between the encircling wall and the margin of the Golden Gate a marvellous congregation of growths and fruit and bloom. To John McLaren nothing is impossible, from bedding the tiniest rare and precious exotic to transplanting from the forests of the interior eucalyptus trees a hundred feet in height and a foot thick at the base. Here, in the courts and semi-tropical gardens, along the walls and in the open spaces allotted them, are oranges, lemons, grapefruit, alligator pears, guavas and date palms from the desert, all in full fruit. Here are marmosset trees and acacias, lordly tree ferns and bananas, with the great mahogany eucalyptus towering above all.

With its wonderful setting between sea and mountains and in the beauty and harmony of its architectural, color, sculptural, illuminative and landscape garden effects there is no denying that this exposition far surpasses those of Paris, London, Chicago and St. Louis. It is only fair to admit that here it owes much to recent inventions and discoveries.

For instance, the machinery for duplicating the striated, old ivory-tinted marble effects of ancient Rome in all palace walls is a new device.

Since the last exposition long strides have been made in the invention of electrical appliances for illuminating great tracts by the flood system. The general illumination of courts, buildings, statues, colonnades, walls, niches and corridors is by means of hooded lights turned in upon the object to be illuminated. Instead of millions of electric globes outlining black surfaces, succeeding mainly in teasing and confusing the eye, the whole fairy-like structure is revealed, glowing as from inward light. In the Court of the Universe

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS, ITS LAGOON, AND THE PALACE OF EDUCATION, WITH THE DOME OF PHILOSOPHY

the "antique" effect increased by deepening the concave surfaces to dull brown, is the key-note of color. To this Guerin added oxidized copper green for the large domes. French green for the lattices and exterior woodwork, a beautiful red, which backgrounds the colonnades, cloisters and niches and colors the tiled roofs, coming from terra cotta to a dark russet; deep cerulean blue, and Oriental blue, verging upon black, used in the ceilings and in vaulted re-

of the Marin hills across the water. They are like a summer chorus which sings only odes and ballads and roundelays.

The kernel idea originated with Edwin H. Bennett, of New York, noted in this sort of work. The group of eminent men who have carried out that idea, with Jules Guerin for chief of color, includes McKim, Mead & White, of New York; Carrere & Hastings, of New York; Mullgardt, McEwen, Faville & Kelham, of San